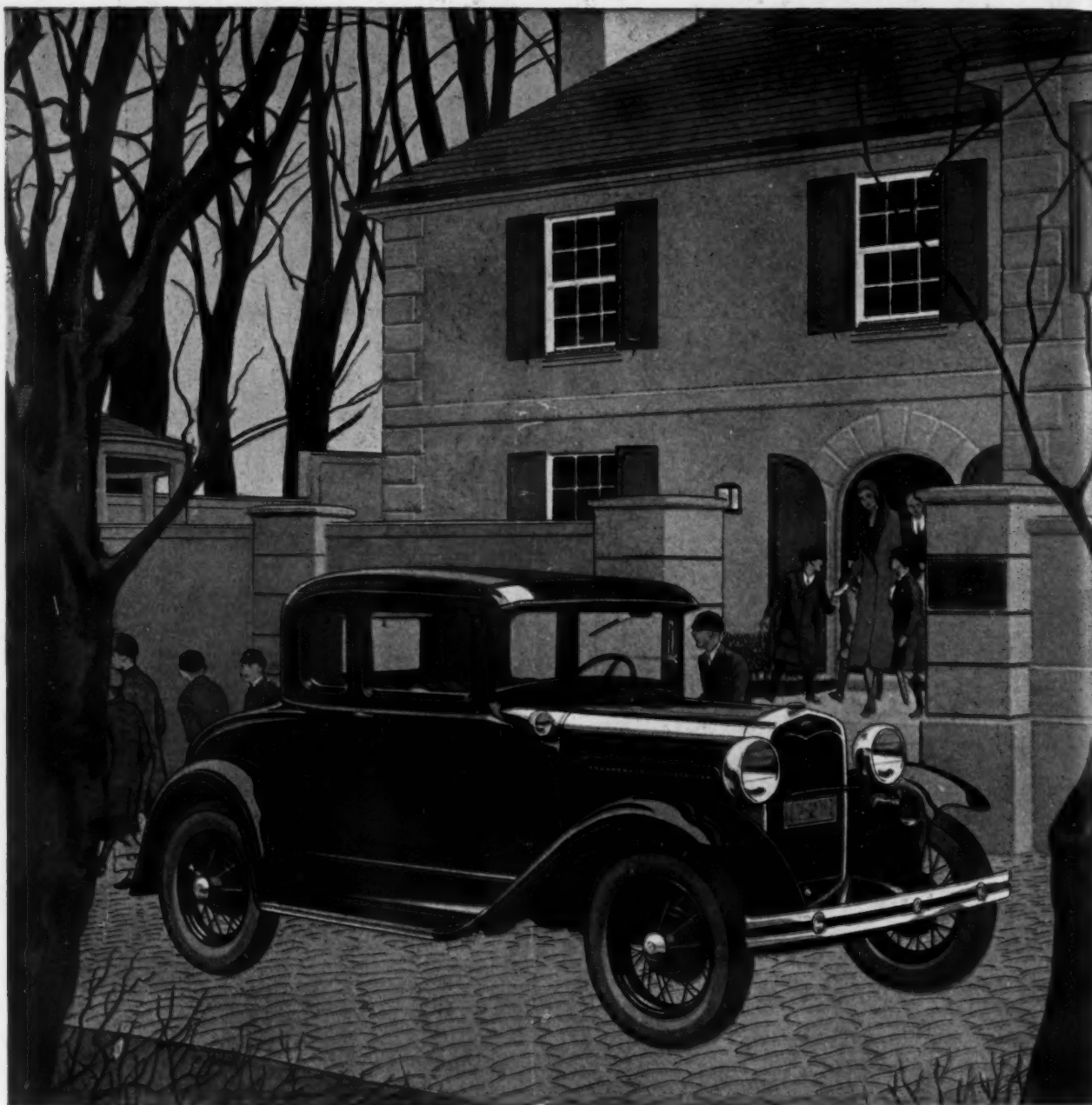


February 6
1931

Life

Price
10 Cents





THE NEW FORD DE LUXE COUPE

The Ford is the Universal Car

IN CITY, town and country, the new Ford is helping to shorten the miles and extend the limits of opportunity for millions of people.

It brings the open fields closer to the city and removes the isolation of rural districts. Daily it carries great numbers of men to work and home again, takes children safely to school and lightens the duties of women everywhere. Thousands of salesmen use it to cover

larger territories and render better service to their customers and the companies for which they work.

Where heavy storms break down the wires, the Ford fights its way through mud and snow and enables linemen to make quick repairs, so that the business of the nation may go on. While you sleep, the new Ford delivers the necessities of life to countless homes, and speeds a physician on a hurried call.

Policemen use it for greater protection to widening areas.

Wherever there is movement of men and materials, you will find the Ford is an accepted part of the program of the day because of its low first cost, good performance and economy of operation and up-keep. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.



MR. AND MRS. PEEBLES

COMPLETE WORLD TOUR



Arrive Safely in New York—Predict
Quick Return To Prosperity—
Find Prohibition Weakly
Enforced In Europe.

NEW YORK—A small, but boisterous crowd was on hand last night in the Grand Central Station to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Q. Peebles, well-known world travelers and Trans-Pacific flyers.

The little man and his wife had that devil-may-care, nonchalant manner, always in evidence, and willingly submitted to cameras and inquiring reporters.

"What was the primary reason for your trip, Mr. Peebles?" asked one reporter.

"Philanthropic, of course," replied Mr. Peebles. "We have been busy securing magazine subscriptions throughout the world, the proceeds of which will enable our adopted son, P. Webb Peebles, to enter college next fall. We feel it much better for him to work his way through school in this manner. Can I sell you a subscription? No? All right."

"Did you see anything of Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater in your travels?" another quickly asked.

"Come to think of it, I heard someone mention a Crater in Naples, but as I remember it they said it wasn't active."

"What do you think of the economic

conditions concerning the world in general, Mr. Peebles," queried another.

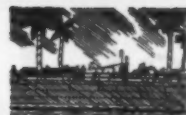
"Very, very, VERY impressive," said the former ash can magnate.

"What do you think of prohibition?" put in another reporter.

"Be to her virtues very kind; be to her faults a little blind," quoted Mr. Peebles. "But I must say there is an utter lack of respect for prohibition over there. People are drinking openly throughout Europe, although I must say the speakeasies are very attractive. They must pay huge sums for protection. The law should be more rigidly enforced—by the way—is Jack's place on Forty-seventh Street still open?"

"What are your plans for the future, Mr. Peebles?" was the final question. The little man's face lighted up. "Mrs. Peebles and I are going to settle down now, sir. Of course, we shall continue to sell magazine subscriptions until our adopted son either goes to college or to Europe. Perhaps we shall go to Havana soon for the Bacardi season, but not until I have defended my title in the Kelly Pool Tournament after the Epiphany."

With this, a coachman arrived, and ushered the dapper little man and his engaging wife off into the stately Peeble's four-in-hand, which had drawn up near the tracks. "Did you say Jack's place on Forty-seventh Street was still open?" shouted Mrs. Peebles, as horses and carriage flew past into the night.



**SPRING... ONLY A
FEW HOURS AWAY!**



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Carnival time in Havana! . . . the Prado and the Malecon a glorified Mardi Gras . . . go Cunard in the transatlantic liners Caronia or Carmania...big ships exceeding by thousands of tons any other steamer in the New York-Havana Service . . . cheery staterooms with real beds . . . menus to satisfy the most fastidious. Sailings from New York every Wednesday and Saturday . . . Rates: First Class \$90 up. Round trip \$140 up.



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THE CRUISE TO NEW PORTS
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\$197.50 UP

San Juan and Santo Domingo in addition to Colon, Kingston, Port-au-Prince, Havana.

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AURANIA • 15 DAYS • \$141 UP • FROM BOSTON
MAR. 12 TO MAR. 29 • FROM NEW YORK
MAR. 13 TO MAR. 28

Off the beaten trail to Havana via Bermuda, Kingston and Santiago.

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Get the Facts



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"This blood pressure instrument is somewhat like a barometer. To a sea-captain, the reading of the barometer indicates storms or fair weather ahead. To me, a reading of your blood pressure indicates easy or labored heart action."

FAULTY blood pressure may be caused by focal infections anywhere in the body, by poisoning from the left-overs of previous infectious diseases, sometimes by overweight or overwork or continued high nervous tension in either working or living conditions. But it may be caused by something more obscure. Worry, fear, anger, hate are frequently responsible for high blood pressure.

Your own blood pressure varies many points during the course of the day. In the normal person these variations are within reasonable limits. Often high blood pressure can be brought back to normal by finding and removing the cause. But sometimes it is not possible or even desirable to reduce it. Then comes a time when a change must be made in diet and physical activities if the overworked heart is to have a fair chance to carry on.



There are thousands of men and women today who are active even though their blood pressure registers many points above normal. They have learned how to regulate their lives.

If you haven't had a reading of your blood pressure within a year it is not safe to assume that it is the same as it was last year or two or three years ago. Faulty blood pressure is not like a rash or a cough that immediately makes itself known.

Blood pressure can and sometimes does steadily mount, month after month, giving no indication by pain or trouble in breathing. But when it is abnormal, doctors of experience regard it as a grave warning calling for prompt action.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "Give Your Heart a Chance," which describes high blood pressure. Ask for Booklet 331-F which will be mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



"If he asks for a raise again, let's give him a partnership and teach him a lesson."

"Waltz Me Around Again, Whitney"

"Whitney Warren, designer of Louvain Library, will attend the Beaux-Arts ball dressed to represent the Grand Central terminal."
—Evening World.

Whitney Warren, Esq.
New York City.
Dear Mr. Warren:

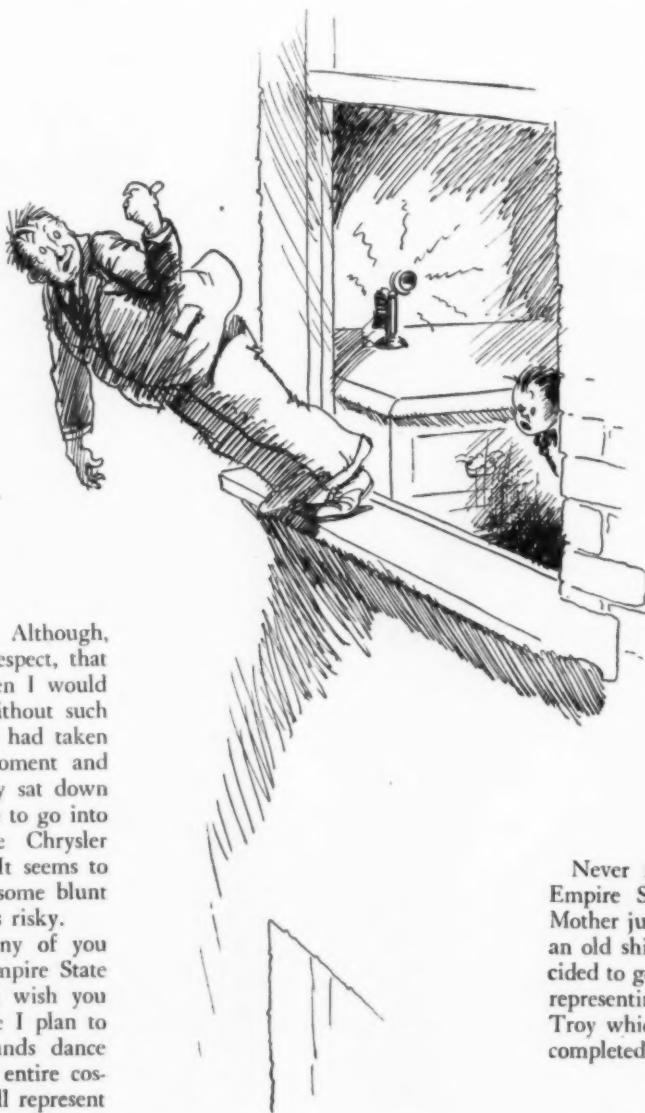
What to wear at a costume ball has always presented a problem which taxes the ingenuity to the utmost. Time and time again, when the subject of what-to-wear comes up, I say to myself: "Gypsy—and be damned." And, then, when I arrive at the ball and see everyone else in the place wearing brass curtain rings and a red sash, and beads of perspiration begin to ooze out through the burnt cork on my upper lip, I say: "Why didn't I come as a pirate?" (In which case the same beads of perspiration would probably ooze out through the burnt cork on my eyebrows.)

Now, your idea, Mr. Warren, of attending this year's Beaux Arts ball as Grand Central station costumed affairs a new lease on life. I also doff my hat to Mr. William Van Alen, who went dressed as the Chrysler Building. Although, I must say, with all due respect, that if I had been Mr. Van Alen I would have selected a structure without such a sharp spike. Suppose he had taken off his headdress for a moment and some lady had inadvertently sat down upon it. Well, I don't have to go into detail, sir—you know the Chrysler Building as well as I do. It seems to me that the Aquarium or some blunt edifice would have been less risky.

I'm just wondering if any of you fellows went as the new Empire State Building? If you didn't I wish you would let me know because I plan to wear it at the Brokaw-Munds dance this coming Saturday. My entire costume, except for the hat, will represent set-back office space. (I'll get my sister to paint a lot of windows on an old clown costume I've worn for years.)

Then, so people will know what I am, I will wear one shoe labeled *Thirty-fourth Street* and the other *Fifth Avenue*.

Now for the hat! I'm going to cut the nubbin off a toque and push a candle up through it from the inside. From the tip of the candle will fly an inflated toy balloon. Of course, the



"Oh, Jimmy! See if that's an order!"

idea is the dirigible, Los Angeles, tied up to the mooring mast atop the well-known skyscraper—do you get it?—and if somebody doesn't make wise with a cigarette butt it ought to go over big.

You must have had your hands full carrying out that Grand Central idea, Mr. Warren. I mean, the station is so sort of squatty and spread out I should think you'd have had to creep around the ballroom on your hands and knees lest the assembled guests mistake you for the International Telephone Building or Sak's—Fifth Avenue.

How did you ever portray Park Avenue running around you on a ramp? You can't tell me that an ordinary costumer carries ramps in stock like they would false beards and Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. And the information booth—hall-mark of Grand Central, Mr. Warren—how did you depict that in your make up; when, any way you juggle the architecture of the place, the darn thing would have to be worn internally?

Well, being an architect, you've probably forgotten more about how to dress up like Grand Central than I'll ever know. I'm sure if I tried it I'd be hanging around in the vicinity of the boys who went as the Lincoln Building, the Commodore Hotel and Hetherington's Drug Store. Otherwise the guests would smile knowingly and say: "Oh, look! Jack has come as a gypsy."

Never mind writing me about the Empire State Building after all, sir! Mother just this minute dug up part of an old shirt waist of hers, and I've decided to go to the Brokaw-Munds affair representing a local building here in Troy which was condemned after they completed the foundations.

Yours truly,

JACK CLUETT.

P. S. What would you wear for a brick stoop?
J. C.



"I know I'm a stranger to you, Mrs. Levandertiff, but I've been an ardent follower of your endorsing for years."

Medieval Musing

The stout galley pitched and tossed in the trough of the angry Mediterranean. Waves, mountainous high, broke over her and filled her with water, which kept the slaves and mariners busy bailing.

Huddled in the stern were some thirty-odd gallant Crusaders. The galley was part of the fleet bound to the Holy Land with Christian Esquires, pledged to fight the Turk.

The poor soldiers, all of whom had never seen the sea before, were terrified and ill. Moans and prayers came from the huddled mass.

Branwyn, master of the galley, like all sailors, was both amused and touched at the plight of his charges. There was no danger; he was a skillful seaman, but his galley was a round-bottomed affair that rolled out of all proportion to the actual danger. He cursed her builders under his breath, for a lot of shoemakers. At that moment tons of water hit the vessel on the starboard bulwark, sending her far over on her side. With an effort she righted herself, but the yells of the landlubbers were hideous. Branwyn, alarmed, breathed a prayer:

"God help the poor knights on a sailer like this!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

Blow By Blow

JUDGE: Six months on the rock pile. Have you anything to say?

PRISONER: That's crushing news, your Honor.

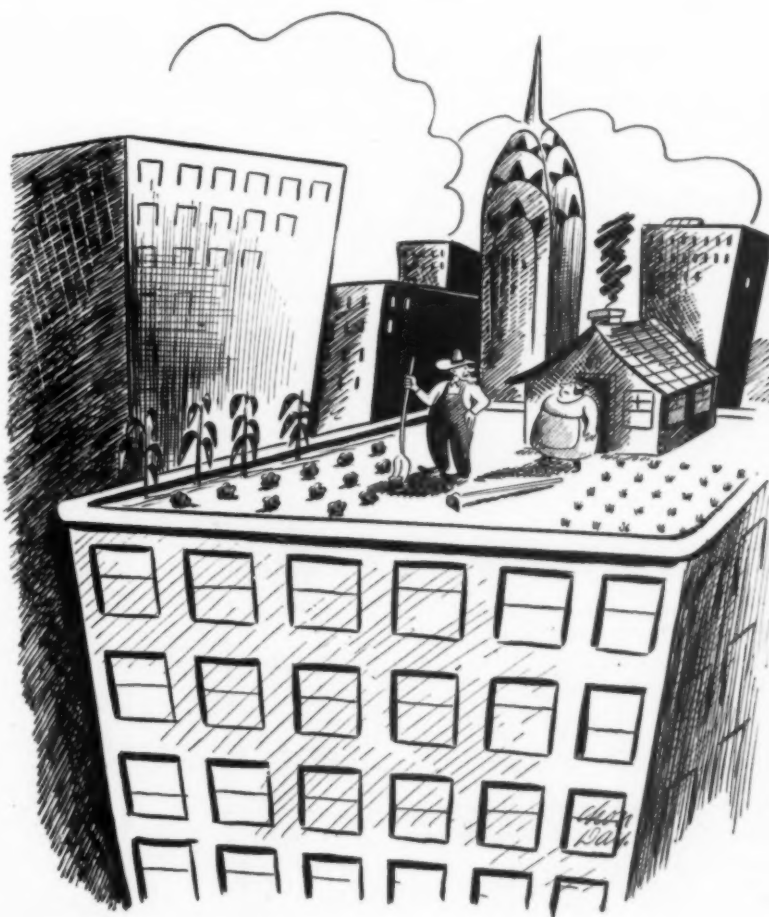
Cat-Napping

We suppose an Eskimo wakes up about half-past February and rolls over and sleeps a few more months.

COOK, chambermaid-waitress, young Swedish girls, together, separate; excellent references; anywhere.

—Adv. in N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

Well, how about Coney Island, say next Tuesday—and I'll get another fellow?



"Y' bin down to th' city today, Sary?"

Copyright Applied For

There is a rapidly rising market for motion picture titles with a box-office sock—titles which pack into four words the whole substance of the story, and more if possible. Application has been made for copyright of the following titles for Shakespearean revivals:

Henry VIII: *Anybody's Husband*.
 Taming of the Shrew: *A Lady Surrenders*.
 Macbeth: *Dangerous Wives*.
 Merchant of Venice: *Desire of the Flesh*.
 King Lear: *Disobedient Daughters*.
 Romeo and Juliet: *Forbidden Sweeties*.
 Merry Wives of Windsor: *Unshackled Women*.
 Hamlet: *Her Madman Lover*.
 Midsummer Night's Dream: *The Strained Interlude*.
 Tempest: *The Caliban Case*.
 Richard III: *Crazy About Horses*.
 Julius Caesar: *On the Spot in Rome*.
 Othello: *The Sheikh and the Signorina*.
 Henry IV: *The Prince Steps Out*.
 Coriolanus: *The Sins of the Ancients*.
 Comedy of Errors: *Forgotten Morals*.
 Antony and Cleopatra: *Nile Nights*.

—David Stuart.



"Look, mummy—Dicky's gone and he's left all his clothes!"

Inefficient Idling

MANDY: Jaspah, is you got dat wood chopped foh suppah?

JASPAH: Lan' sakes, Mandy! It sho' can't be suppah time a'ready? Seems lak Ah ain't got half mah loafin' done yit!

Making Both Ends Meet

Then there's the contortionist who practices his daily dozen to keep himself out of shape.

JAPANESE wants job as gardener; also wife as cook and housekeeper. Box 1243, Chronicle.

—Adv. in Houston (Tex.) Chronicle.

The line forms on the right, girls.





SINBAD
Turn about's fair play !



Life Looks About

IT WAS a surprise to hear William Neverdo's suggestion the other day that the country needed a Cromwell. That was a very revolutionary idea to proceed from a respectable and conservative person like him, and of course, it was more like an apparition than a practical suggestion. Nevertheless, there was a kind of timeliness about it, for if we had a Cromwell we would know presently who was the government, whereas just at this writing it seems uncertain. In the matter of feeding the hungry and relieving sufferers from drought the President pokes up the Red Cross to raise ten million dollars by solicitation from the public and begs Congress not to appropriate money for doles for a week or two until it appears what the response to the Red Cross appeal will be. Thereupon the Senate immediately votes twenty-five millions, which can hardly have a bracing effect upon the solicitations of the Red Cross.

However, the Senate's vote does not end the matter, but anybody that is waiting for a meal or for any substantial relief until the Senate and the President and the Red Cross can all agree where the money is coming from is surely entitled to public sympathy. One may believe that Mr. Hoover is a competent agent for relief and that Congress might better vote him the money and let him spend it. Relieving want is the particular thing that he is known to be good at. Organization is in his line. He wants to organize everything he can, particularly ideas. That is one thing that ails him, because some ideas ought to go loose, since they lose their vitality when organized. But this matter of relief is a material business which has to be organized and could probably be best done under the orders of the President.

MEANWHILE the discrepancy of view between the President and the Senate makes all the greater im-

pression because it is so untimely. The Red Cross says that the current relief is like a war job, but in the war at least we had Congress and the President working hand in hand. No doubt Mr. Neverdo's suggestion about a Cromwell is merely a consequence of observing the immense incapacity in certain matters of the forms of representative government that we live under. Alfred Smith, who really knows about such things, speaks of the great disadvantage the State of New York or the City of New York is under in buying property or building on it, because of laws that point out the precise processes by which it must be done. It takes the City or the State two or three times as long to put up a building as it does a competent man of business, and the reason is that the statutes as far as possible turn such transactions into mechanisms and eliminate from them the judgment and the capacity for decision of the officer in charge. Trying to eliminate all chance of the State or the City being robbed, past legislatures by meticulous statutes have let it in for far greater losses than it would suffer by following current business methods.

MR. FRANK VANDERLIP says the present business depression was the one least necessary that we have ever had. It may be seen to be so by eyes of exceptional penetration. Mr. Vanderlip says it was all the result of stupidity—that banks failed because they were badly run and that everything that happened happened because reasonable measures of prevention were not taken. So when William Neverdo speaks of our needing a Cromwell he means somebody that will get a move on our governmental mechanics. When our Cromwell comes will he go up to the Capitol, march into the Senate, bang on the table with the butt end of his gun and say, "The Senate is adjourned;" then perhaps to the House? That is what Mussolini did in Italy and more or less what has been done in Spain, and it is not really out of season.

It is not entirely incredible that a long hard pinch running over several years might strengthen in the United States the feeling that our government

was not competent to a degree that would start an effort to do something about it. The basis of our economic system is already under constant scrutiny so that we are invited to consider whether the capitalistic system has not run its course. The *New Republic*, for example, feeling the need of a new idea, is discussing whether to come out for Socialism or Communism, and at the same time Congressman Hamilton Fish, who has investigated Communism as already planted in this country, wants to get rid, if possible, of half a million communists whom, he says, we have in stock. If the *New Republic* turns Communist perhaps he will want to suppress it, but there does not seem to be much basis for immediate apprehension that Mr. Fish's suggestion will be accepted.

THE report of Mr. Wickersham's committee on law observations is on the brink of publication at this writing. The great fizzle of Prohibition and the particulars in which it has failed has undoubtedly turned many minds to a reconsideration of our governmental system. When the Eighteenth Amendment was passed and the cure of a great and admitted evil was sought in the invention of new crimes and the restriction of the reasonable liberties of millions of people, it made a great many people think about matters that they had been used to regard as settled. Prohibition as we have seen it work has been very damaging to public confidence in the Constitution. It is important to have that confidence restored. It is important also to call better minds and better characters to the business of government. There is undoubtedly in this country the ability and the character to carry on the country's affairs, but it is hard to get sufficiently able and upright men into elective offices. One would say that is better done in England, but quite possibly there would be a response from London that it isn't.

However, talk is still permitted in most cases, newspapers in most States are free, and if our scheme of government needs improvement we shall probably be able to continue to discuss it without going to jail.

—E. S. Martin.



THE CYNIC TRAIL.

M. D.—Doctor of Marriage

*"Marriage Should Be Regarded
as a Career and Should Be Taught
in College."*

—Newspaper Editorial.

YOU understand, young man, that this is your final oral examination?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well then—answer each question quickly and briefly."

"Yes, sir."

"What does a wife signify when she raises her left eyebrow at a social gathering?"

"I'm watching you, so don't try anything."

"When she says, 'Isn't this a perfectly marvelous party?'"



"Run for your lives! The dam has broken!"

"Let's get out of here."

"What does she mean when her left elbow strikes you in the side as you pass each other?"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!"

"A short frown?"

"Don't do that."

"A long scowl."

"Why can't you act like Mr. Brown? He's such a gentleman!"

"A movement of the head in the affirmative manner?"

"No."

"A movement of the head in the negative manner?"

"Yes."

"Narrowing of eyes and heaving of bosom?"

"Stop necking that woman."

"What would a wife be if she hadn't married?"

"A movie, stage, or grand opera star."

"And if she hadn't married you?"

"The wife of one of forty-two millionaires and eighteen titled noblemen whom she refused."

"What is the most important date of married life to remember?"

"Why—er—I—I've forgotten!"

—Brook Branwade.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

JANUARY 14—This day our wedding anniversary, and Samuel gave me the loveliest box for my bureau that ever I saw in my life, and a silver ash tray in the shape of a swan that really belongs in a museum, and I do thank God that I am married to a man of such charming taste, because such graciousness avails when stolid qualities go by the boards as far as pleasing a woman is concerned. Lay a little late, pondering this and that, in especial the deficiency of my childhood reading, for I did learn history and Shakespeare at my father's knee without so much as looking at a printed page, and albeit I was never fortunate enough to come upon a volume of "Sappho" before my interest in my elders' gossip about it had waned, in secret connivance with other sweet-minded members of my little set, I had a fair go at the dime novels so prolifically put out by Charles Garvice and Bertha M. Clay, and could easily and safely have written home about them, so innocuous did their subject matter seem to me, and so uninteresting their treatment. I was a great big girl before I realized that when the young master had done wrong by the game-keeper's daughter, he had not

tripped her up when she was crossing a stile. In more extreme instances, when her beauty was marred, her health depleted, and she was obliged to seek a distant village through shame at encountering those who had known her in her prime, the worst I could think of was that acid must have been thrown in her face. It was therefore no trouble at all to go back eagerly to Elsie Dinsmore and "For the White Christ."

JANUARY 15—The telephone a-ringing early, and it was Bud Ratcliffe telling me how Nelson Steele had recognized Ina Claire at a party as the girl who had played the maid's rôle in "Philip Goes Forth," which should have amused her, but probably didn't. To a great luncheon at Lydia Loomis', and some of the young women present pulled off their hats, displaying the new coiffure which makes them look like something from the 1870's, and Ann Andrews and I decided that one must be an adolescent to get by successfully with such an unbeautiful departure, and that our model for haircuts henceforth was Baby Peggy. Then home and reading in the journals how Mr. Whitehead is managing a West Indies Cruise on which only bridge players are allowed as passengers, and it sounded like heaven to me, even though there might be some voyagers on the

roster who would say "Is the A a good card?" which is what happened to me once at a party in Watertown, N. Y., and which I have found considerable difficulty in getting anybody to credit. And the outstanding feature which delighted me was that the fiends began to play before the boat had left the dock, and the fact that I was not with them gave me considerable sorrow. Lord! I do verily believe that a good game of contract is my chief enjoyment in life, and I am fed up with players who would not make even the back room of any given club, and I do never wish to waste my time again with partners or opponents who have not the card sense of Adelaide Whittlesey or Cal Saunders, a wish that means I shall sit out of many a high-stake game, twiddling my thumbs and sipping 1840 Madeira. I have come to a point which Marie Doro once told me that everybody reached at some time in his life, wherein things seem unusually clear and accurate, and I feel that Edna St. Vincent Millay—and what, by the way, has become of her?—said considerable in "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare," and the pity of it is that most of us are not looking at beauty.



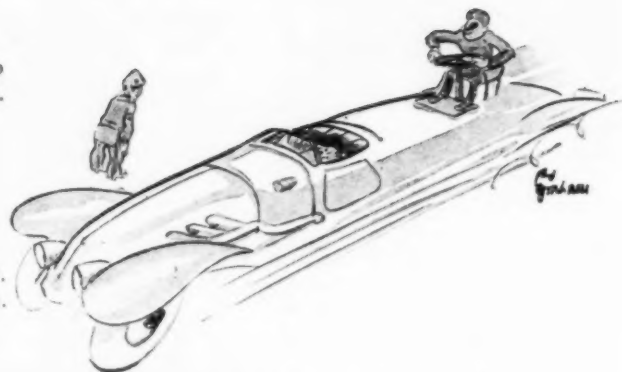
"O, auntie, what's a torso?"

And Get a Sock in the Face

It must be a source of considerable annoyance to Primo Carnera to fall into a shoe every time he rolls out of bed.

What's Wrong With the Theatre

Six shows closed on one night in New York recently. Something must be done about the unenjoyment situation.



The fire chief's own sport roadster.



"I wish you would join in, Albert, and not stand around glowering so disapprovingly."

Making the Best of IT

By BERTON BRALEY.

If in your spell you would enwrap her
Treat the Matron like a Flapper.

. . . .

But take this from your sapient patron.
Don't treat the Flapper like a Matron!

. . . .

When She seems set for an angry burst
Start your own holler—and start it first.

. . . .

You can feed Her cheap and she'll think
it's fine
If there's "Atmosphere" in the dump you
dine.

. . . .

Don't ever tell her she's "Looking sweet."
But "Sweeter than ever" is rather neat.

. . . .

Though her eyes flash fire and her protests
blister
Never apologize when you've kissed her.

. . . .

"I couldn't help it"—that goes good, and then
Kiss her again!

. . . .

Tell the witty one she's pretty,
Tell the pretty one she's witty.

. . . .

If she asks "Have you loved before?" Say,
"Sure."
Few damsels care for an amateur.

. . . .

Don't be pleading and don't be humble
It's still the caveman who makes 'em tumble.

. . . .

If She two-times you—and she won't fail
Two-time her back with another frail!

. . . .

I'm a terrible frost with the women? True!
But I've never worked as I tell you to!

Soprano Trouble

THERE is a radio downstairs in the living room and another upstairs in my office. I enjoy turning them off.

I snap the button. The set is silent. I sit and look at the unlighted dial. I think of the dozens of sopranos in the dozens of broadcasting studios who believe they are singing over my set and are not. To me it is the greatest thrill of radio. Comfortably seated in my own home I can turn off sopranos as far away as Berlin.

It is worth a thousand times the cost of the set. And besides, often I listen for hours to programs in which there are no sopranos. They are enjoyable. And there always is present the possibility that the next voice will be that of a soprano.

To those who think as I do about sopranos I believe I can give some valuable suggestions on how to find the best available. But first an apology of some sort is due the sopranos and those who enjoy turning sopranos on instead of off.

To them I can say truthfully that I came by my dislike of sopranos in a most natural way. When I was a youngster one visited in our home for several weeks. If a child that young—I was only four or five years of age—was badly frightened it never fully recovers. I apologize.

The deliberate search for sopranos is to me the greatest of indoor games. Bridge, chess and backgammon are tame by comparison. In looking for soprano trouble the world is your playground. You skip from New York to Los Angeles and from Chicago to Miami. On the networks you may locate soprano trouble in London, Paris, Berlin or anywhere.

A soprano begins training as a little girl. All the way through preparatory school and college or finishing school she runs scales for hours daily. Higher and higher. She goes abroad and studies. Years and years. Returning to this country she struggles until she secures a radio engagement. Her photograph is in the newspapers. The evening on which she is to sing she takes a cab to the broadcasting station. Perhaps it is raining and she has to wait a long time for a cab. At last she is in the studio. The announcer

tells you she will sing. She is before the microphone. She opens her mouth. You shut her off.

What other indoor game could be more thrilling? And while you were waiting for the supreme moment you were enjoying good music. The beauty of it is you may hunt soprano trouble in your favorite programs.

Not long ago I found a soprano, an excellent one, while listening to the United States Army Band. You wouldn't expect to find one with it, would you? But she was there. She was between Stars and Stripes Forever and The Whistler and His Dog.

Really, the very best sopranos, the ones who can take the highest notes

perfectly, travel alone that way. They never go in pairs, as more cautious sopranos do. There is always a good orchestra or a band and then, almost before you can reach the radio, a soprano is soaring aloft.

My advice to those hunting soprano trouble, and to those who enjoy sopranos, is to get the better known broadcasts. The programs are enjoyable. The sopranos are swell. You can sit and look at the unlighted dial and think of the many sopranos in the many broadcasting stations who believe they are singing to you but are not, and be happy. Truly, radio is the most enjoyable of modern inventions.

—Tom Sims.



Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

SOME shrewd fellow once remarked that each phase of history was actually a bit of agreed-on fiction. But what are we historians going to do when the main characters in our plots insist on repudiating our agreements before they get a real good chance to jell? It may be that history will have to skip the whole Hoover-Raskob period because we cannot get "leave to print," as they say up on Capitol Hill.

And of all the offenders this man Raskob is the worst. Not only does he deny all the things everyone but him had agreed on, but he leaves so many loopholes that the historians continue to roll their own.

Here we had a regular David and Jonathan myth, not to mention Damon and Pythias, about his friendship for Al Smith. How he left the Grand Old Republican Party and turned his back on his fellow members of the Union League Club, just because Al was a candidate. How he and three other fellows were willing to bankrupt themselves if by so doing they could make Al President.

It was something the school children of the future could tie to. It was even better than Little George Washington cutting down the cherry tree, and telling the truth about it. At least George was not unkind enough to have his mimeograph division get out a denial of that story. Mr. Raskob might reflect on that. Look at Washington's place in history today! Where would he have been if he had gone up and down issuing denials?

But here Raskob would have us believe that he had always been a Democrat, and that only once in his whole life had his foot slipped. In fact his father before him had cleaved to the faith of Thomas Jefferson. Further, the man actually casts doubts on the authenticity of that very Mecca of Republicanism, the Union League Club of Philadelphia! It is just a social organization, he would have us believe. What would Boies Penrose say about that if he could beat Conan Doyle's spirit to some of these mediums searching for it?

Here we were all giving Raskob credit for Jouett Shouse and Charley Michelson, to mention just a couple of

Herbert Hoover's hair shirts. And he says he had nothing to do with it. Loyal Charley is now saying that when he was first hired, over the long distance, Raskob said to Shouse:

"Who is this Michelson anyhow?"

That's a bit thick, you know, from a Democrat by ancestry and tradition, living most of the time in the home town of the New York *World*, whose front page Charley had adorned with many an attack on the wicked Republicans. And always with his name signed in nice black type.

But Charley always does go the whole hog when he is trying to back up a story.

Maybe they are trying to get a



"There!"

minority report on this particular phase of agreed-upon fiction.

IT REALLY seems as though Mr. Hoover's luck had turned—along about Christmas. Raskob himself had joined him in the sixty-day prediction class—saying just before election that business would begin to improve in January. His championship of the railroad consolidations, while very irritating to members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, won wild approval in Wall Street. Senator Couzens had completely displaced him in the unpopularity contest of the railroad stockholders.

And along comes Raskob and attacks, not some avowed Republican poison pen wielder, not a Hoovercrat, and not a Dry, but Frank R. Kent, wringing Wet Democrat and column conductor on the Baltimore *Sun*—personal adviser and friend to Albert C. Ritchie, the more or less permanent governor of Maryland.

Frank had been attacking Raskob for a long time, not because he disagreed with him on any particular issue, but because in his capacity as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Raskob, Frank (and everyone else) thought, was responsible for the attacks on Herbert Hoover. For Kent as a loyal and consistent Democrat had admired Hoover beyond words ever since the days when he thought Hoover was a Democrat. And he has never gotten over it. He still regards Hoover, in his heart of hearts, as a Democrat. He thinks Hoover has just been fooling the Republican leaders. In which view Mr. Kent is not alone, as some of the aforesaid Republican leaders will tell you.

Incidentally Kent's statement that he voted for Smith in 1928, in view of his writings during that campaign, is a bigger surprise than anything Raskob said. But he cleared up one mystery. We all knew that Governor Ritchie voted for Smith that year, but we had been wondering who the other fellow in Maryland was.

BEFORE the first genuine smile since election had worn off the face of Jim West, installed at Republican headquarters to offset Charley Michelson, along comes Charley's old paper, the *World*, championing Hoover in his fight with the Democrats on Capitol Hill!

Better to have an extra session of Congress, bad as that is, the *World* declared, than to have the dole system fastened on us, as Joe Robinson's appropriation for the Red Cross would do.

Not to mention Muscle Shoals and the Lickersham Report!

Yes sir, it's beginning to look as though Mr. Hoover might have a right good year. Maybe business will get better and it will rain this spring and summer. Maybe even somebody besides Alex Legge's Farm Board will buy wheat. Maybe we historians can agree that conditions are fundamentally sound. Say in about sixty days!

Great Minds at Work



You sympathize with the turtle because he cannot go far. But at least he goes as far as he can.

You feel sorry for the Texas "tick" brushed from a cow and unable in his whole lifetime to crawl more than two or three feet in search of another cow's leg to start in business again.

Don't be a turtle or a Texas tick.
Travel, see your country.

—Arthur Brisbane.

I shall never make war unless I am first seized by the throat.

—Benito Mussolini.

There is nothing wild about Hollywood. —Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn.

As a result of nation-wide observation, I am convinced that there is no part of the United States that has not been improved by the Prohibition laws.

—Commander Evangeline Booth.

Women in general frighten me.

—Buddy Rogers.

I like men because they are simple.

—Tallulah Bankhead.

Now you seldom see a drunk.

—Andrew J. Volstead.

Adventurous spirits are always courageous. They like to do and dare.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

No one who wears spats can get far in America.

—Lewis Gannett.

If a man is walking on the street, overtakes a woman, and they walk along together, it is almost certain that they have met before.

—William Lyon Phelps.

A man who has just had his tonsils out, doesn't want to see a fellow writer.

—Sherwood Anderson.

Whither are we drifting?
HEAVENS! I FORGOT TO
TURN OFF THE TAP IN
THE BATHROOM!

I WONDER IF
WE'LL GET IN THE
NEWSREEL?

WE'RE YOU EVER A
BOY SCOUT, GEORGE?

One thing, Perkins,
we're not floating
a-lone. ha ha,
A Loan - get me?

I suppose they call these
permanent waves

I GUESS WE'LL SEE A
LOT OF EACH OTHER
NOW.

You need
a shave, Jerry

What are we
going to do about
the unemployment
situation?

WHEN I GET HOME I'M
GOING TO TAKE A
GOOD HOT BATH!

Clara Bow is
my favorite, Jim.



THEY SAY WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A
DRY SUMMER.

It's not so bad when you've got
so much in common

WONDER WHAT THE
MARKET DID TODAY?

Let's toss for corners.

DO YOU KNOW ANY
DECK GAMES
?

The dollar sure
has diminished
in buying power.

I WISH WE HAD A BOTTLE
OF PORT, ANY OLD PORT
IN A STORM.
YOU
KNOW

The very last shipwrecked-man-on-a-raft joke.

In A Dark Mood

Although Washington Jones had a complexion three shades blacker than ebony he was always seen in the company of one of the numerous "high yellar gals" in New Orleans. One night a member of his saffron-hued harem having imbibed too much gin stepped in front of a speeding taxi and the next day her friends received black-bordered letters notifying them that the sister was no more.

A week after the fatal accident, Washington Jones was seen about his usual haunts with a girl whose inky complexion vied with his own blackness.

"How come you-all is struttin' that black bimbo?" inquired one of Washington's friends. "Ah thought you-all hankered foh the yellar ones."

"Ah does like 'em yellar," Washington explained. "But this week Ah's in mournin'."



"Hey, you gave him more gravy than me!"

The Letters Of A Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Your news delights us. When it came I said to your mother, "Herbie is going to be a great man." I don't mean any everyday great one, like a news reel dam-dedicator, but one like they tell about reading detective stories for relaxation. Your idea for a "Who's Who on the Unemployment Commissions" is a natural. If you work fast and catch the members before their commissions expire you should make back all the money you lost on that campaign to sell confidence to the people a year or so ago.

I notice you say something about a loan to finance this book. You always would have your little joke.

However, Herbie, if you put this thing over I will do something for you. I'll turn the brickyard over to you. A fellow of your imagination would find some way to bridge the span of years for the brick business till the federal building program gets under way.

Did I tell you that your brother Sheridan has been asked by the local Chamber of Commerce to make a survey of unemployment? They couldn't have asked a better one. Sheridan knows more about unemployment than a theatrical advance man.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCREADY HUSTON.



"He must play golf, mother—he talks just like daddy!"



"Come clean now! Who done it?"

Why The "Questions-And-Answers-Man" Was Fired

QUESTION: What is the population of China?

ANSWER: Chinese.

QUESTION: What is the difference between the President and the Senate?

ANSWER: It is roughly estimated as about thirty million light years.

QUESTION: In what should I keep my pet goldfish?

ANSWER: Water.

QUESTION: Who is Clara Bow?

ANSWER: A former movie actress.

QUESTION: How is Russia governed?

ANSWER: Badly.

QUESTION: What is the birth rate of Ecuador?

ANSWER: Ask Walter Winchell.
—W. W. Scott.

Ah-Ha!

Now they're advertising shoe laces for sale at cigar stands. So THAT'S what we've been smoking!

Advice

What you don't owe won't hurt you.



"I think the shirt will be sufficient, Mr. Gedgewitt."

(17)

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *large* with a *g* and get something in your throat.

(2) Scramble *doeth* with an *m* and get a way to do things.

(3) Scramble *retain* with an *i* and get sheer laziness.

(4) Scramble *scantier* with an *m* and get an evil fellow.

(5) Scramble *streaming* with an *e* and get what an idea does.

(Answers on Page 29)

BROACH—Or breast pin lost. Old-fashioned picture of an elderly man with whiskers and long hair on one side; opposite side hair of different colors.

—Ad in Winston-Salem Journal.

What a man!

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER is one of the few writers who deserves serious consideration as a comprehending man. It is my earnest conviction that the majority of persons who embark on what is called in pink tea circles a literary career do so from the convenience of circumstance or motives of vanity. There is nobody worth his salt as a commentator on human events who does not repeatedly question himself about his ability or fitness to be rushing into print for the edification or amusement of his fellow men. It would be much more suitable, according to the wise author's private psychology, to be engaged in the flour and feed business, but there is a certain drive, possibly economic, which keeps people up to what they have originally set out to do, and to it may be credited many of the artistic achievements which enrich the lives of lesser citizens who pay their taxes regularly and repeat the Nicene Creed on Sunday mornings without questioning a single one of its simple declarative sentences. Schnitzler has always struck me as a man who sees life as what Meredith said it was, "a supreme ironic procession, with laughter of gods in the background." This clear vision is rather a grim thing, and is fortunately denied to burghers and potentates who laugh at cartoons and believe what they read in the Sunday Times' Review of Books. It also gets us down, somewhat belatedly, to "The Affairs of Anatol," a piece which Schnitzler wrote in the '80s, and which bespeaks a contradiction of the illusion that women always pay. Bela Blau, Inc.—and what a name *that* is to conjure with—has given it an excellent production, so good that by the time this article appears in print the costumes and scenery may have gone the way of many good things in the theatre. The sex life of a philanderer is neither interesting or important to an auditor who knows the ways of the world, but its treatment can contain nuances which, although probably unapparent to the average individual who pays a top price for his seat, are revelatory and recognizable to those who have gone through an unmentionable mill. Schnitzler has seemed to have made this very plain in "The Affairs of Anatol." My hat is off to him. It always has been. I wish to congratulate Miss

Miriam Hopkins on a performance which should be history. And also Walter Connolly. "The Affairs of Anatol" will probably not have great drawing power, but it is so splendidly staged and invested that the management deserves congratulations for the courage of its revival and herewith receives them.

HERETOFORE Lou Holtz has been obliged to yield the honors of whatever musical entertainment in which he was engaged to some brighter, if not more particular, star whose name was featured more prominently in the advertising and on the front of the theatre. In "You Said It," he has the field to himself, and is unusually generous about it, too, yielding the stage too frequently to a group of collegiates who are far less diverting than himself. This new venture of his and Jack Yellen's is brisk and amusing, and I was surprised to find myself not minding even the love duets too much, so well has Mr. Yellen fashioned verses for them and such hummable tunes has Harold Arlen provided. There is a good deal of campus life, always a bore, running through the action, but the activities of Mr. Holtz as the canny Jewish student who corners all the rackets that beat about a university remove some of the curse from the rest of the student body who talk football and feature varsity letters. The three Slate brothers do some of their lively stepping, and the chorus work is so good that it drew cheers on the opening night. One young woman named Lyda Roberti, who has a lot of personality and strikes what the academicians call a new note, stopped the show by singing a song called "Sweet and Hot" and made other contributions to the proceeding which met with such warm approval that she looks like an instantaneous Broadway success. It is all right with me, because this town can stand a few Lord Byrons inasmuch as many of its citizens are getting tired of the same old exploitations which they must pay exorbitantly year in and year out to see. Miss Roberti has also had a life which, according to what the press department let the newspapers know of it, sounds like what the more melodramatic scenarists use to make up for the movies. Not the least unno-

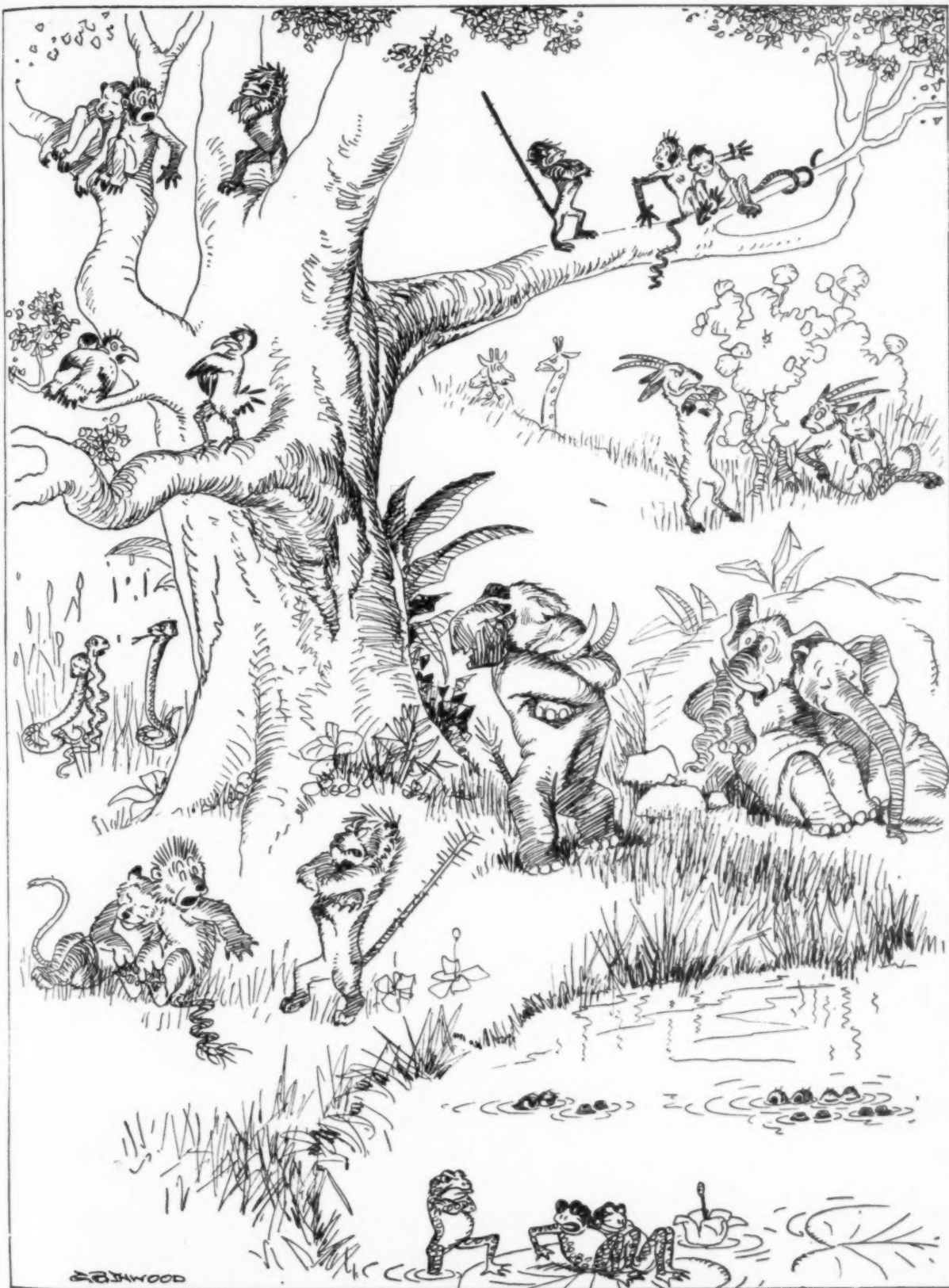
ticeable features of "You Said It" were the inclusion amongst the *dramatis personae* of a student named Byron Legg, and the use of "like" as a conjunction in its most tender lyric.

SO PREOCCUPIED was I with the modest behavior of Ivor Novello when I wrote about "The Truth Game" that I forgot entirely to say a word for Miss Viola Tree, who, as the gawky, unmarried daughter of a ducal house, walks away with so much of the play. Miss Tree was the little girl for whom Barrie wrote Peter Pan, and her appearance now suggests that nothing should really have been farther from his thoughts. I could easily bear to see her appear more frequently on our stage. In "The Truth Game" her method of shaking hands was the high light of the evening, nor did I exactly burst into sobs when she confided that she had been working on her piece of needlepoint for eight years.

There should be two laws concerning our local theatrical arrangements for the passing of which I should be willing to ride down Broadway on a white palfrey as far as City Hall. One is that drinking water in the playhouses should be accessible, and not hidden away in some lounge or dressing room which can be reached only by going up and down innumerable and too thickly populated steps. The other is that no entracte smoker should be permitted to use a cigarette holder more than a foot long.

Sometimes when two or three productions open on the same night, it is a problem to decide which one to attend. In the future, after several unfortunate experiences, it will be no problem for me. I shall go to the performance for which I have received the best seats.

Mr. Walter Winchell has said that nobody reads the dramatic criticisms of commentators whose seats are not invariably on the aisle. Is my face red?



The effect of movie expeditions to Africa.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"One Heavenly Night"

EVELYN LAYE'S beauty and charming singing voice combined with John Bole's pleasant personality and highly acceptable vocalizing revive the hope that the movies and music may yet reach an amicable understanding. The illusion of compatibility is convincingly established in the first part of this film, but it is partly spoiled later on when the principals are made to sing out of turn, because producers still insist on making the leading characters sing at each other under most convincing conditions. To explain:

The story is one of those things about a nobleman falling in love with a singer. You know they are bound to start warbling at each other sooner or later, and wonder if it is going to be another of those unforgivable films full of song cues and offstage accompaniments. But no. The first outburst of dueting takes place in a living room. Miss Laye seats herself at the piano and either does the playing or goes through the motions so perfectly that there is no evidence of faking. "Do you know this melody?" He does, of course, and joins in. The result is as agreeable a bit of film music as we have heard in months.

However, it is too good to last. A few minutes later Evelyn becomes insulted and runs home in the rain. John goes after her on horseback with a flock of henchmen, overtakes her as she is entering the front door of her home and with his merry band of horsemen sings one of those rollicking carefree things that bands of horsemen always sing in movies, to the accompaniment of a very large orchestra and a heavy drizzle.

But even if the musical efforts were annoying, which they are not by any means, the picture would still be worth while for the performance of Leon Erroll. He has never done anything funnier than the scene during which he gets tight and goes wandering through an art gallery—the famous bad knee leading him into situations that call for the juggling of Ming vases and other fragile and very valuable knick-knacks. Grand comedy.

An added attraction is the scenery produced under the direction of Rich-

ard Day . . . magnificent sets that are done in rare good taste.

Miss Laye is certain to be popular in films. Her speaking voice is as attractive as her singing voice, she is a lovely camera subject, and, wonder of wonders, she is a capable actress. We are looking forward to her next effort.

"One Heavenly Night" will give you one swell evening.

"No Limit"

IN CASE anybody gets the idea that this department will find it difficult to judge Clara Bow's latest movie without prejudice, we will soon put their minds at rest. "No Limit" is as entertaining as the average Bow picture—it affords some real moments of comedy due to the expert clowning of Harry Green and Stuart Erwin—it presents an attractive leading man in the person of Norman Foster—and it will be enjoyed by a lot of people who wouldn't admit it to save their lives.

The notoriety resulting from the Bow-Devoe trial seems to have affected us with reverse English. Anybody who knows anything about theatrical people realizes that they have a pretty tough time leading the safe and sane existence of the folks in the audience. The ability to entertain seems to be attendant, in many cases, with an inclination toward irregularities in habits of living which are generally accepted under the alias of "Temperament." Stories of these irregularities among celebrities are common property to everyone connected with the movies or theatre. This actor does that . . . the other does something else . . . maybe it is drugs or loose morals; and the artists go successfully along their way unless they are stupid enough to get into a jam that cannot be kept out of print. That is what happened to Clara Bow. She is no worse than a number of other well-known performers except that she has been unusually dumb . . . and we have heard this opinion expressed by a number of professional people. Which recalls the old bromide: The one unforgivable sin is to be found out.

And so LIFE is not to be included in the anvil chorus that has been hammering a requiem to the career of

Clara Bow. Not that we expect thousands of people to read this article and write apologies to Clara for the things they have been thinking about her. Not at all. The press has played up the story until the very cheapness of it is bound to be intimately associated with the principal character, and publicity has killed far more important people than Clara Bow.

"No Limit" is a story which was written for the purpose of explaining how Clara got mixed up in the gambling mess which was the fore-runner of all her grief. Because of its obvious propaganda one is very apt to form a more unfavorable opinion of Miss Bow than they may already have. The plot shows how a dumb little usher in a movie theatre gets mixed up in a gambling racket and marries a crook without knowing what is going on. Miss Bow's lack of foresight in handling her personal affairs makes the story seem almost believable.

"The Bat Whispers"

THIS film version of the Mary Roberts Rinehart-Avery Hopwood play, "The Bat," has few of the virtues which made the stage production an outstanding success. Chester Morris, usually a very convincing young actor, is made to overplay so frequently that we never quite got in step with his character. This note of over-emphasis is also carried out in the comedy of the piece, thereby again giving us an example of Hollywood's ever present fear of being too subtle for the masses. It seems that movie producers will never realize that it really would not be paying the rest of the country a compliment to concede that most of its inhabitants are as intelligent as movie producers.

At the conclusion of the picture Mr. Morris makes a short speech in which he asks the audience to refrain from telling other people the answer to the plot. The answer is told by Mr. Morris' turned-up eyebrows and facial expressions long before the picture is over.

Commendable performances are offered by Grayce Hampton, Maude Eburne and Spencer Charters . . . and we still cannot see why Una Merkel is given leading talkie rôles.

Proposition

Darling, I've a four-room flat,
 Three radios, an opera hat,
 A Doberman, and three guitars,
 Some lovely fourteen-inch cigars,
 Two accordions, some games of chance,
 Five suits with extra pairs of pants,
 A banjo, and a pingpong set,
 A fighting goldfish for a pet,
 Three hundred rather outworn gags,
 A change of sox, some traveling bags,
 Complete array for every sport,
 A fifth of gin, a pint of Port,
 Some very pretty shares of stock,
 A neat electric motored clock,
 A partly scooped out Edam cheese,
 A nicely pornographic frieze,
 So if you'd care to share my flat,
 I wouldn't mind your maltese cat
 Or e'en an extra radio—
 Though something of a furbelow.
 So bring along your cactus plant,
 That tintype of a maiden aunt,
 Your jodphurs, and your mounted doves,
 The memories of some other loves,
 The lampshades that you did yourself,
 We'll add the whole lot to my pelf.
 But, just a point, if you don't mind . . .
 Your present husband stays behind.

—ed. graham.



"He writes pretty well. I don't know whether to see a publisher or a lawyer!"

Life in Society



BIG GAME HUNTING ALONG THE GOLD COAST.

H. Neeington McCupcake riding down Park Avenue in his two-cylinder barouche. The six men on the box are native sharpshooters on the lookout for bond salesmen.

Lady Ribboncliff has returned from Pinehurst, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Turnstile Tuttle for a fortnight and will sail Friday on the Aquitania for England. Mr. Tuttle will now return to Pinehurst to remain until April.

Mrs. Whitney McWhicker cancelled a dinner she was to have given at Sherry's last evening because she had a late lunch and wasn't especially hungry.

After a month's visit with Mrs. L. W. Bowles at her cottage in Camden, Mrs. George Lynch started today for her home in Pelham Manor, accompanied by Mrs. Bowles, who will pass several weeks in New York. Tomorrow night Mrs. Bowles will take Mrs. Lynch to see "That's Gratitude."

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Bozonettini, of Greenwich Village, departed yesterday for Florence, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus T. Fumes, who spent their first Summer in Newport last summer, will return next summer to spend their second Summer. If they take a three-year lease on the Newport cottage they will probably spend their fourth Summer in the bread line.

The Norwegian vice-consul and Mrs. Christian Larsen have leased an apartment at the Knickerbocker Ice Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Fitz Hugh Schenck are closing *Serenity*, their country place in Montclair, and will soon open their Palm Beach villa, *El Pandemonium*.

—Jack Cluett.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 29

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—Last year's Pulitzer prize play. Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-Negro cast.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$3.00—Allan Dinchart takes over the lead in this hilarious small-town comedy by Frank Craven.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hollywood and the talkies furnish excellent material for this uproarious satire. With one of the authors—George Kaufman—in the cast.
- ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Splendid lines and strong language in this comedy of three ex-chorines.
- ★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—Whimsical story of the tragedy of a lady who stays young while others grow old. You'll cry.
- ★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—A melodrama of two strong men—a bootlegger and a preacher—bowing down to Miss Ulric's luring.
- ★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace plays horse with the ideals of our Chicago gangsters.
- ★MAN IN POSSESSION. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An all-English cast in a slight but amusing comedy of love and bill-collecting in England.
- ★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt make this historical romance a thing to be remembered.
- GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40—If you can get tickets you'll see a great show. Henry Hull and Eugenie Leontovitch in this drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel.
- ★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A thoroughly entertaining comedy with Helen Gahagen really singing in the role of an opera singer willing to "live" for her art's sake.
- ★THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Sparkling comedy with Mary Boland as a middle aged woman with an inventive imagination for the past.
- ★OH PROMISE ME! *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Lee Tracy shows how to win a breach of promise suit from an elderly philanderer when you haven't any evidence.

★FIRST NIGHT. *Eltz*. \$3.00—There aren't many mysteries this season so not much competition for this one.

★PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. *Empire*. \$3.85—Helen Hayes wangles a diplomatic appointment for her husband from Henry Stephenson.

★LIFE IS LIKE THAT. *Little*. \$2.50—The wife aims at her rival and shoots the Chinese servant. With music, too, and all for \$2.50.

★THE TRUTH GAME. *Barrymore*. \$3.85—Ivor Novello has written another play around himself. This time he is an ardent and tenacious young man in pursuit of Phoebe Foster with Billie Burke and Viola Tree looking on.

★MIDNIGHT. *Avon*. \$3.00—The Guild does a melodrama that creaks a bit on the injustice of our justice.



W. C. Fields in "Ballyhoo."

★FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort*. \$3.00—Most exciting melodrama in town. A vigorous attack on the tabloid scandal sheet. With Arthur Byron as the editor.

★COLONEL SATAN. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Booth Tarkington's rather mechanical costume play portraying one Parisian night in the life of Aaron Burr while in exile.

★PHILIP GOES FORTH. *Biltmore*. \$3.85—Very apt for all young men with ambitions to be playwrights.

★TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller*. \$3.85—Philip Barry uses the microscope on a lady making her choice of husband or lover.

★ANATOL. *Lyceum*. \$3.00—The complete unabridged production of Schmitzler's farce with Joseph Schildkraut in the title role.

★GREEN GROW THE LILACS. *Guild*. \$3.00—The Guild's newest—with Helen Westley, June Walker and Richard Hale. Also fifteen cowboys do some great singing.

★AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's*—Judith Anderson in a play by Pirandello.

Musical

★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$5.50—Joe Cook goes on and on in a swell show.

★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—And this is the most entertaining revue in town. With Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.

★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman and the cowboy quartette.

★THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Sophisticated, smart revue with the maximum of stars—Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Frances Williams; Hope Williams and Waring's Pennsylvanians.

★BALLYHOO. *Hammerstein*. \$5.50—W. C. Fields and Chaz Chase are funny. The rest is not so good.

★MEET MY SISTER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Charming play with music—but no choruses—when you're in a mood for quiet and relaxation. With Bettina Hall and George Grossmith.

★YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$4.40—The new collegiate revue with pep featuring Lou Holtz.

★THE GANG'S ALL HERE. *Imperial*—A galaxy of stars including Ted Healy, Zelma O'Neal, Rubv Keeler Jolson and Ruth Tester. Book by Russell Crouse.

Records

Brunswick

"CRYING MYSELF TO SLEEP" and "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN"—Ben Bernie and His Orchestra playing popular fox-trots. Ben chooses unusually good voices for his vocal choruses.

"AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER" (Movie—Reno)—Abe Lyman and His California Orchestra. A few measures of slick trumpet start things going. Listen to the piano during the vocal chorus. and

"US AND COMPANY"—Also Abe and his bunch.

"TRAV'LIN' ALL ALONE"—Isham Jones' Orchestra. A mournful, minorish, blues number that is the best of this batch of records. and

"I KEEP REMEMBERING"—Isham directs the boys in one of his own numbers.

Columbia

"HE'S MY SECRET PASSION" and "YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY"—Lee Morse wailing out two overworked numbers—with the support of Her Blue Grass Boys who

(Continued on Page 30)

Life at Home

NEW YORK CITY—When David Kirchenberg advertised for a twelve-dollar-a-week stenographer, his office was nearly wrecked. Hundreds of girls came seeking the one job and not until someone suggested a raffle did the threat of a riot cease. The idea was put into action and the job won by Miss Isabel Iskowitz, and the rest departed quietly.

CHICAGO—In asking a divorce, Mrs. Caspar Luschak charged that her husband put mirrors in front of the children's plates, "so that they would think they had double portions of everything."

HOLLYWOOD—Jules White, director of Dogville Comedies, reports that whippets and pekinese are the dumbest dogs in creation. Dachshunds are the most intelligent.

FRESNO, CALIF.—Mrs. E. M. Marshall of Madera was leaning on the fence at a riding academy. On her hand was a \$500 diamond ring in a high mounting. Her horse, attracted by the glittering gem, reached over, nipped the diamond out of the ring and swallowed it.

CHICAGO—Tom Anderson is a crack rifle shot, and so good was his marksmanship that he won a turkey. But even better was his wife, who discovered a diamond in the turkey's gizzard.

SAN DIEGO—A \$75,000 home and a new sixteen-cylinder automobile are awaiting David, King of Israel, when, and if, he returns to earth and decides to live in San Diego.

The gifts to Goliath's slayer are made possible through a trust fund created by Judge James Rutherford, former Missouri jurist and president of the International Bible Students Association.

LOS ANGELES—When Edward A. Knight was told by a bandit to throw up his hands, he complied without a murmur, for the holdup man pressed a revolver against his ribs. While searching Knight's pockets, the robber accidentally pressed the trigger, and out popped a cigarette. The bandit fled, empty-handed.

KANSAS CITY—Palmer College, complete with campus, athletic field and other advantages, was advertised for sale today. The advertisement said:

"College for Sale—College property, consisting of a large campus, athletic field, administration building and one large dormitory; located in the thriving city of Albany, Mo."



"I'm bored silly, let's visit the Smiths."



"Wonderful place you've got here, Smithy."

From Life's



CHILD: Oo-oo-oo! I want that!

Reprinted from LIFE, April 27, 1922



Jonah is haled to court by the S. P. C. A.

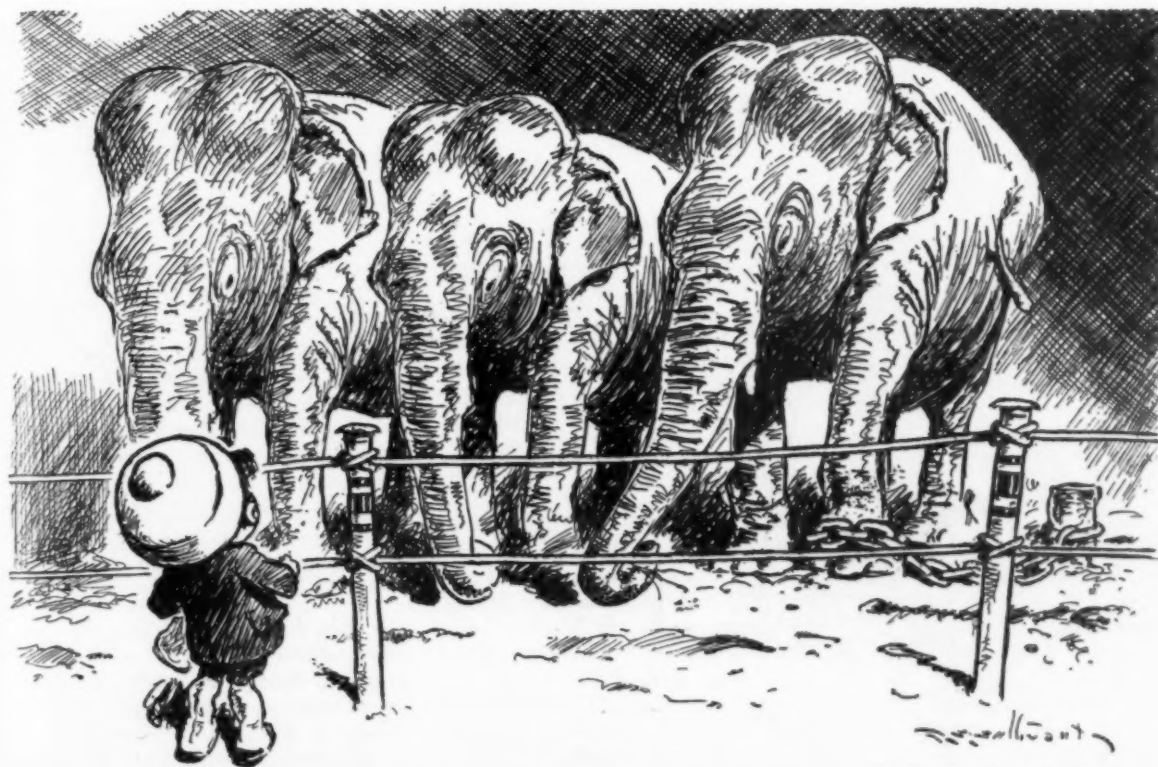
Reprinted from LIFE, April 13, 1922

Family Album



Ex-traffic cop takes up farming.

Reprinted from LARV, April 6, 1922



LITTLE BOY: *If I give them this peanut, they might get to fightin' over it.*

Reprinted from LARV, March 23, 1922

Our Foolish Contemporaries

MOTHER: Willie, you have been very naughty after promising to obey me.

WILLIE: Well, that's nothing. You once promised to obey dad.

—Pathfinder.

"Somebody told me you entertained your neighbors informally last night."

"Yes. I had a quarrel with my husband on the front porch."

—Detroit News.

"I have known you so long, doctor," said the patient at the end of his visit. "I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have arranged a handsome legacy for you in my will."

"That's very kind," the doctor replied. "Now please allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I would like to make in it."

—Pearson's.

"Well, how are you getting on now you are married?"

"It is just like the Garden of Eden."

"I am glad to hear that."

"Yes, we have nothing to wear and are in daily fear of being turned out."

—Vart Hem, Stockholm.



BRIDEGROOM: My word! That was a short ceremony.

REGISTRAR: Yes, but—er—extremely effective.

—London Opinion.

A naturalist says that the Polar bear has Nature's best winter coat. And the moths have ours.

—London Opinion.

"Thank you for the balloon, uncle."

"Oh, it was a very small gift."

"That is what I said, but mother said I must thank you all the same."

—Buen Humor (Spain).



Haven.

—Punch (by permission).

Nix: Do you know that your dog stays awake all night, barking?

Mix: Yes; but don't worry about him. He sleeps all right in the daytime.

—Answers.

It is said that domestic servants are becoming taller. Well, well; it only means that the china will have a longer distance to fall.

—The Humorist.

"What do you think of my new hat? I saved the money for it myself."

"How was that?"

"I trained my husband not to smoke."

—Das Kleine Witzblatt, Leipzig.

It is reported that the film industry in America is experiencing another slump. This is sad news—the last slump over there produced "Talkies."

—Passing Show.

WAITER (seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face): Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?

GUEST: Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and tell them to boil it down a little.

—Liverpool Post.

"If you don't give up smoking and drinking, you'll never live another year," said the doctor to his patient.

"But that's what you told me five years ago, doctor," said his patient.

"Well, I'm bound to be right sooner or later."

—Answers.

American businessmen are economizing in cigars. They are chewing less expensive brands.

—Punch.

ELDERLY LADY: Did you see anything of a white cat?

SMALL BOY: Yes, it fell into a barrel of black paint down the street, but I fixed it all right.

"Oh, you good little boy! What did you do?"

"I threw it into a barrel of white wash."

—Comrades, S. Africa.



Books

THE TERRIBLE NUISANCE, text and pictures by Peggy Bacon. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*, \$2.50. The best book for younger children so far this year: her illustrations, her humor, her wholesome children, her simplicity, her dog Chug, not to mention the kitten and the rabbits, the haunted hen house and other imperishable properties, all combine to make it one of those "over and over" books, too rare companions of homes featuring children.

DEATH ON THE MOUNTAIN, by Dorothy Ogburn. *Little, Brown & Co.*, \$2 net. A mystery story that is "different." The problem of who killed Nicholas Padgett relieved by the total absence of a super-detective, and the presence of a group of highly individualized mountain characters, whose diversified actions provide much more than the usual staccato framework of the chronic thriller.

THE NEXT WAR? by K. A. Bratt. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*, \$2.50. Translated from the Swedish. It will be in the air; it will be over almost immediately when started; it will aim at the industrial centers, and "annihilation" is the key word. Unusual, valuable, startling stop-and-think contribution by a military expert, and—as military writers go—actually rapid-fire absorbing reading. Dispassionate survey of partly dehumanized world of political vacuums.

MILORD AND I, by Anthony Richardson. *Macmillan Co.*, \$2. Decline and fall of British nobleman, done so often, here told in topping tale by Meller, personal servant. Riding to hounds. Mid-Victorian, and onward. Dramatic characterization, in the well worn line of English novel tradition, but well done.

THE RING OF THE LOWENSKOLDS, by Selma Lagerlof. *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*, \$3. Last of the Lowenskolds series, revolving around the General's ring. A three story novel, in which the distinguished author maintains her high level of interest, her superb mastery of background and climax.

WHAT IS THE

A · T · & T · ?



ALL that most people see of the telephone company are a telephone and a few feet of wire.

But through that telephone you can talk with any one of millions of people, all linked together by the web of equipment of the Bell System.

All its efforts are turned constantly to one job—to give better telephone service to an ever-increasing number of people, as cheaply as it possibly can.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company provides the staff work for the Bell System. To it the operation of the telephone service is a public trust. It pays a reasonable dividend to its stockholders . . . and uses all earnings beyond that to improve and extend the service.

There are more than 550,000 stockholders, and no one person owns so

much as one per cent of its stock.

The Bell System operates through 24 regional companies, each one attuned to the needs of its particular territory. In addition, the 5000 members of the Bell Laboratories staff do the scientific work which makes it possible to improve and widen the service at least cost to its users. The Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System, specializes in the economical production of telephone equipment of the highest quality.

All these facilities are directly available throughout the entire Bell System, at any time or place. . . . Because of them, every dollar that you spend for telephone service brings you constantly greater value and convenience.

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★



THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON, by Nancy Byrd Turner and Sidney Gunn. Edward Valentine Mitchell: *Dodd, Mead & Co.*, \$3.50. Delightful description of that stern, yet gentle-minded lady, who did her soldier raising single handed, who never learned how to spell, managed her property with "not even the ordinary conveniences of modern life," carried her keys at seventy, and when her son came back from the war, put on a clean apron.

EMERSON AND ASIA, by Frederick Ives Carpenter. *Harvard University Press*, \$3. Emersonian fans (still a number of them left) who wish to know more specifically where he got his Oriental and Occult sources, will find the answer here. The woman in the case is discovered to have been "Aunt Mary" Moody Emerson, and we get very well the mystic threads leading from the Brahmins of India to the Brahmins of Boston.

—T. L. Masson.



Because . . . they like the delicious long-lasting flavors, smooth chewing quality and "just right" resiliency Millions choose **WRIGLEY'S** and enjoy — life.

L152



BLOTTO: Find out if she's got a sister?

Old Gold and Silver Bought
Rings, Watches, Brooches, etc. Jewelers send us theirs. We'll buy directly from you. Write for particulars. Checks mailed within week.
L. A. Parker, North Attleboro, Mass.
(Bank reference: Attleboro Trust Co.)

Burglary doesn't pay in America, it seems. In these days of competition it becomes increasingly difficult for Americans to earn a dishonest living.

—Punch.



See opposite page →

"I cook and bake for you and what do I get? Nothing."

"You're lucky. I get indigestion."

—Answers.

"Where do you live?" the reporter asked the young bridal couple.

"At the Old Manse," replied the bride.

And so the newspaper said: "Mr. Hardup and his bride, the former Miss Millions, have returned from their honeymoon. They will live with the bride's father."

—Tit-Bits.

LANDLORD: What is the complaint?

TENANT: The bathroom tap won't run; would you mind having the hole in the roof shifted over the tub?

—Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

BEPPORINA: Napoleon said, "Never say can't."

BEPPO: I wonder if he ever tried to strike a match on a cake of soap.

—Penn State Froth.



Leave Winter Handicaps Behind

Pack your golf clubs and come where there is no closed season for golf, riding or swimming.

Pullman direct to the hotel. Fine motor roads. By steamer also from New York, Boston, Providence, Washington, Baltimore.

Two sporty golf courses; gaited thoroughbreds; glass enclosed sea-pool; perfect cuisine. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.



LIFE'S Ticket Service

**We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.*

**If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.*

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remittance amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

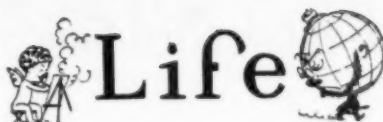
(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



February 6, 1931

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LIFE'S Financial Letter

A GLANCE at the bank clearings (I don't mean bank cleanings) for the past week readily shows that this period has been an extremely significant one in the financial history of the country. In New York alone, there has been a net (not to be confused with gross) decrease of 29 per cent from the corresponding week of a month ago. It might reasonably be expected that these figures would also show a decrease from the corresponding week of 1921, but as the statistics for that week have been lost, nobody knows just what the comparative percentage of decrease or increase (as the case may be) is.

You may be sure that there were some pretty harsh words spoken over the loss of these vital figures and no end of embarrassment was occasioned

for all concerned. Murad preferred immediately jumped 30 points.

The bullish sentiment in the street is content to dismiss this acute situation with the comment, "What the hell," but the bears are more conservative and refuse to commit themselves further than saying, "The country is sound." It certainly has sound effects.

The grain market continues to sink to lower levels and July wheat finished the week at a new low of 62c. The only grain that is at all active is corn. That seems to be strong all over the country. It is especially strong at Bonelli's on Sixth Avenue.

Don't let this talk of a bumper crop fool you. There has never been a bumper bumper crop than this year and futures are generally off. "My Future Just Passed" is a popular song in the pit right now, though for most grain dealers, pit is a horrid word.

The Stock Market is not so good either. In fact, it's pretty poor. Shucks, I might just as well be honest about it, the Stock Market is lousy. The investor's problem now is to pick the General Motors of 1935. —B. G.
February 7, 1931.

Answers to Anagrams

On Page 17

- (1) Gargle.
- (2) Method.
- (3) Inertia.
- (4) Miscreant.
- (5) Germinates.



See following page →

**Its Bubbling
Effervescence
Lasts Longer**

Apollinaris

**It is bottled only with
its Own Natural Gas**

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Relieves Dandruff....
Keeps Hair Neat....
No Undesirable Shine

GLO-CO
Unscented
LIQUID
HAIR-
Dressing

**33 days
EUROPE
\$255**

**Foremost Student
Tours, All Expenses**
20,000 satisfied members. Small
parties. First class hotels. More
motor travel. 250 tours. 26 days
\$235 to 104 days \$890. Seven-
country tour \$345.
Send for Booklet
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made
more delightful and healthful. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for
25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland



Cont'd from preceding page

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 22)

deserve credit for their well-timed accompaniment.

"THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING IN YOUR EYES" and

"FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT NINE LITTLE MILES FROM TENNESSEE"—Smith Ballew & His Orchestra. Attractive tunes—played in lively manner. Smith sings well too.

"AND THEN YOUR LIPS MET MINE"—The Radiolites. Fair.

"CRYING MYSELF TO SLEEP"—Again we hear this sob story—this time by The Knickerbockers.

Sheet Music

"Mine Yesterday, His Today" (No show)

"Little Sweetheart Of The Prairie" (No show)

"Through The Eyes Of Love" (No show)

"It Must Be True" (No show)

"Falling In Love Again" (Movie—The Blue Angel)

"Please Remit" (No show)



"His first word was mamma—do you suppose he will be a song-writer?"

WIFE: Well, dear, have you found a job yet?

HUBBY: Yes, my pet, you go to work tomorrow. —West Pointer.

HUSBAND (setting off to important function): Where the deuce is my top hat?

WIFE: Oh, dear—I forgot! It's now hole six in the children's nursery midget golf. —Passing Show.

A writer points out that there are nearly a hundred thousand cats in London alone. All we can say is they don't sound alone.

—Everybody's Weekly.

your barber knows this FACE NET!



... the network of
Pores which traps the Dirt

Every first-class barber knows that it's difficult to wash your face clean.

He knows that water won't remove the deep-down dirt which is imbedded fast within your pores.

BUT—he has that famous pink magic—Pompeian Massage Cream, which penetrates each pore and rolls out the dirt. Watch him rub it in—a pink and rosy cream. A fresh, tingling sensation follows ... and then out it rolls. Pink? No, grubby, grimy, grey pellets—dingy with pore dirt. And now your face is clean.

Ask for a Pompeian Massage after your shave. Tell your barber to use the genuine Pompeian Massage Cream. Keep a jar in the bathroom and use it yourself. You'll never be satisfied with a washed face after you've seen your skin really clean—ruddy with healthy color.

A large size jar is only 60c. Get it today at any drug-store!

The Pompeian Co., Inc., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (Sales Offices: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto.)

**POMPEIAN
PINK MASSAGE
CREAM**



Hamburg-American CRUISES



WEST INDIES

PANAMA and SPANISH MAIN

What more jolly than to meet the Spring in the balmy Caribbean! Especially attractive is the 27-day "Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimage" of the famous steamer RELIANCE, with First Class accommodations exclusively, from New York, February 26, visiting 13 enchanting tropical ports—rates \$322.50 up. Also a 16-day Easter Cruise leaving March 28 for Haiti, Jamaica, Panama, Havana—\$212.50 up.

NORTHERN WONDERLANDS and Russia

Another memorable cruise to the top of the world by the S.S. RELIANCE. To Iceland and its amazing contrasts, North Cape and the Midnight Sun, Norway's wondrous fjords, Scandinavian and Baltic Capitals. And 4 days in fascinating Russia. All in 42 days, sailing from New York on June 27—rates, \$800 up, including shore excursions.

AROUND THE WORLD

The supreme travel experience—visiting 33 fascinating countries—in 140 thrilling days. The RESOLUTE, "Queen of Cruising Steamships," sails EASTWARD from New York, Jan. 6, 1932. Rates, \$2000 and up.

Write for descriptive literature of the cruise in which you are interested.

Hamburg-American 39 Broadway Line New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, or local steamship agents.



Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 73

C	H	A	I	N	G	O	T	S	P	Y
H	O	W	B	U	R	R	O	E	O	S
A	B	E	L	P	I	G	A	P	S	E
R	O	D	E	O	P	A	I	N	T	E
T	A	T	N	A	G					
B	A	S	H	F	U	L	N	E	W	E
E	R	I	E	T	A	B	R	I	C	E
A	C	T	M	O	D	E	L	T	H	E
T	H	E	P	R	Y	A	T	H	O	S



How the painter got the bashful model to pose.

Mrs. Don Abell,
304 Bleeker Street,
New York City.

For explanation: "From flush to blush to brush!"

Rilla A. Nelson,
1800 Strathcona Drive,
Detroit, Mich.

For explanation: He uncovered the facts and canvassed the possibilities.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell,
1163 Haight Avenue,
Portland, Oregon.

For explanation: A subterfuge of the artist to obtain the bare necessities of life.

R. M. Pruitt,
Presbyterian Sanatorium,
Albuquerque, N. M.

For explanation: A matter of bare necessity.

"I hope you are not one of those men who go home and find fault with the dinner," said Kidder.

"No," replied Growcher, "my wife and I eat at a restaurant where we both can find fault."
—Pathfinder.



"I" think, Bill, I'm the first man in Miss Snodgrass' bath-tub!"



A fact-and the proof

IN many American cities, Burma-Shave has already approached the position of "best seller." To illustrate—figures compiled by Milwaukee Journal in its latest annual Consumer Survey, 1930, showed Burma-Shave, in a field of 86 shaving creams, to be exceeded in sales by only two!

This within three years from the introduction of Burma-Shave into this market of over half a million people.

Burma-Shave is gaining steadily because its users "stay put." My idea of a tough job is trying to switch a Burma-Shaver to some other shaving cream.

Clint Odell
PRESIDENT

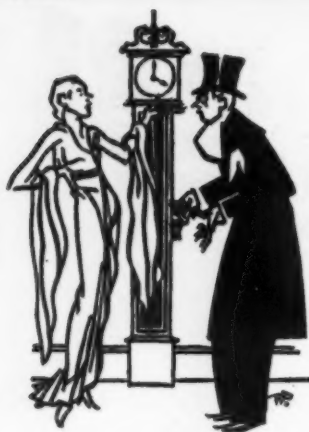
P.S. At the drug store in 35c tubes also ½ pound and 1 pound jars. Try the 35c tube first... It's a whopper, half a foot long by 1½ in. in diameter



NO BRUSH

NO LATHER

NO RUB-IN



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A LEADING research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists in order to get their expert opinion as to the best way to care for teeth and gums. Here is the summary of the replies received:

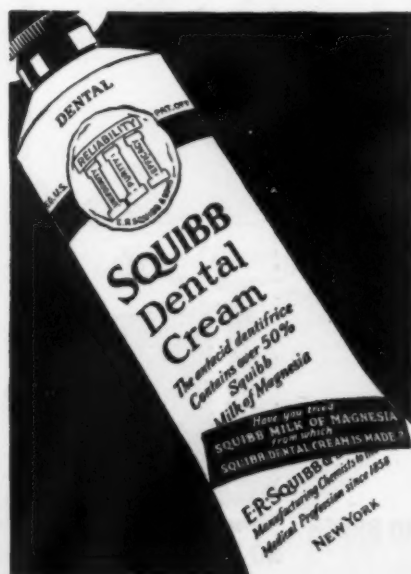
- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs in the place where teeth and gums meet;
85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Surely this is strong evidence that Squibb Dental Cream will protect your teeth and gums. For it is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's cleans beautifully. It contains no grit, no astringents. It refreshes the mouth—a desirable point with heavy smokers.

If you've been puzzled by so many different dentifrices and conflicting theories about mouth hygiene—here is the answer to the question.

Copyright 1931 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 78

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes February 27, 1931.



ACROSS

1. You have to dig for it.
5. Comes up with the sun.
8. Stockings.
12. What you do when the bill collector calls.
13. Respectful fright.
14. Metal.
15. Girl's name.
16. This makes a hit.
18. To get the sum.
19. Three spoils this.
21. Buy one and see the world.
23. Poss. pronoun.
24. Greek letter.
25. Game bird.
28. Medium.
32. Ash container.
33. A mere fragment.
35. This has pants.
36. Periods of time.
38. All around you.
39. Two of these make a prison.
40. Fir trees.
41. Speak.
42. Indian tribe.

DOWN

1. Smart.
2. A resort.
3. First gardener.
4. Pronoun.
5. Condemns.
6. Where the salesman goes.
7. This clinches the matter.
8. Hello there!
9. By word of mouth.
10. Substitute for beer.
11. These hold books together.
16. Something on a boat.
17. Despised.
20. Another Greek letter.
22. This paves the way.
24. Each one.
25. Where ships come in.
26. To impel.
27. Start the new year this way.
28. Air.
29. An entrance.
30. What the old days are now.
31. The lay of the land.
34. Part of "to have".
37. Steamship. Abbr.
39. Day of rest. Abbr.



The Wisest Men in America

(See Dun's and Bradstreets)

have repeatedly stated in recent interviews, that the **one sure cure** for Depressionitis is a cheerful frame of mind.



Life, in cooperation with eminent Specialists, is offering you a special 14 weeks' treatment, **GUARANTEED TO PRODUCE RESULTS**, for the small sum of only \$1.

*Especially
Recommended
for:*

Rundown Exec-
utives
Discouraged
Salesmen*
Under-margined
Speculators
Over-stocked
retailers and
manufacturers
Depositors in closed
banks and their
relatives and
friends

**Not including Apples*

Ingredients: Approximately 32 pages of wit, wisdom, sound philosophy and gloom chasers in each issue.

Dose: Read once a week, in reclining position; preferably after meals.

How to obtain: Simply detach coupon and mail with dollar bill or its equivalent (no merchandise accepted).



Life, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

L-2-1

Send me your special treatment for Depressionitis, consisting of 14 issues of Life. A dollar is enclosed.

Name

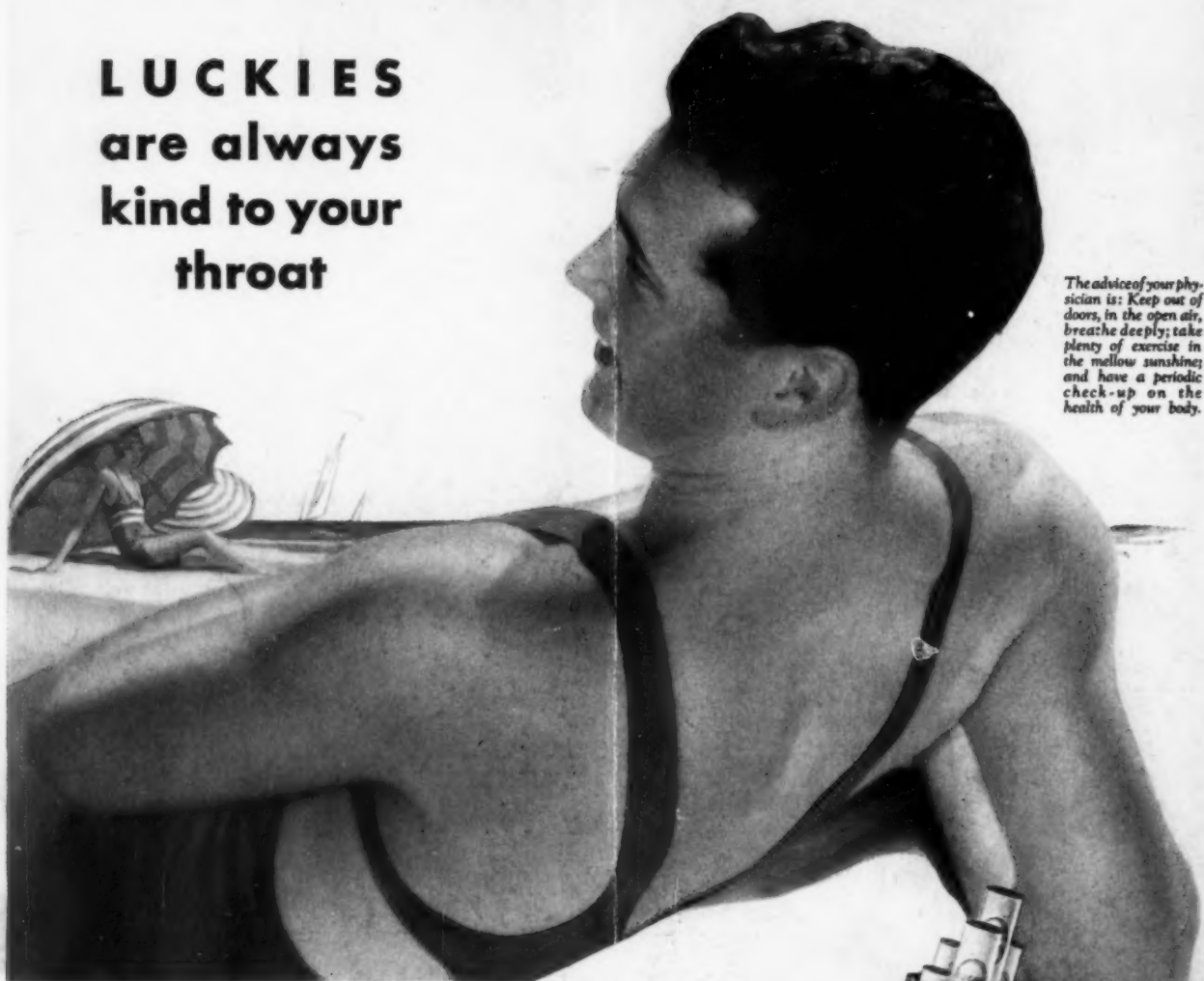
Street and No.

City and State

Sunshine Mellow Heat Purifies

LUCKIES
are always
kind to your
throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine; and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.



Everyone knows that sunshine mellow—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks.

